

THE ADAMS FAMILY



ISSUE 12....

JAN 94....

50p....



*Andy you're a genius,
with a whole team of Thommo's
we'll storm the league*

WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

THE ADAMS FAMILY

PO BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE
BUCKS, HP13 6HT.

Well, the festive season is over, decorations are down and the second leg of Wycombe's first ever 3rd Division title chance is upon us.

We entered the New Year with much excitement. Stapes once again graced the green stage, Norwich were coming to visit and of course the new T.A.F. was due. Well for the latter you're wait is over. Our scribes have been busy, parchment has been stained and quills have been quivering. Lets hope you think it's worth it.

Please give the Blues all the vocal talent you can supply and lets hope this time next year you will be reading a 2nd division fanzine.

ENJOY.

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TAF IS ALSO AVAILABLE FROM; *Wycombe Wines, Crendon St. High Wycombe; WWFC Corner Flag shop and the above address.*

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Behind the Fanzine Scene

by Jack Silverworth

It's late Sunday night, and now that I've watched all the sport possible on SKY I feel ready to pen my first notes as secretary of The Adams Family. However I must just finish off the rest of my case of Belgium red. (5 minutes later). Ahhh that's better, I do recommend that stuff, twenty quid for ten bottles from Buttocks Up & Ready, although I do of course get a sizable discount in there. Where was I now, oh yes I was about to sample a bottle or two of Australian white (fiver a go) and scribble down my much warranted thoughts and opinions.

Did you all see the game tonight on SKY, oh sorry I forgot most of you probably didn't, as only a chosen few have the luxury of Sattelite T.V. Cracking game though, unfortunately I missed the final score as I had to get to the "offie" to stock up for tonight. Anyway, on with the show.

I decided to go up to Lincoln last saturday to watch our beloved Blues take on what's-his-names' old team. As I stepped out of my front door to leave my chest tightened, hands went all clammy, legs wobbled, I broke into a feverish sweat, there it was, I was in love, my gleaming Citroen sat majestically in the drive. I rushed up to it, fell to my knees and started uncontrollably kissing every square inch of my polished beauty. You really must buy one of these fine chariots, oh my, just thinking about it makes me feel trembley, I'd better open another bottle for medicinal purposes, what's this one, American wine or something, mmm tastes good, right back to the story. Once I'd regained control of myself I climbed into the trusty Citroen. The computer told me that taking into consideration my weight, the weight of my liquid refreshments, wind speed and direction, the average number of vehicles on the road at this time of day, and the road conditions, the journey would take four hours eleven minutes and thirty eight seconds, with a fuel consumption rather similar to mine.

The game was a hard fought one but not as good as the games they show on SKY. Thingy-bob scored a hatrick for Wycombe, not bad for a new player, one of the best buys Jim Kelman ever made. But we got the three points, as I also did on my driving license whilst driving back. The auto-cruise was set too high for the local police forces' liking. That's the great thing about the Citroen, it's not afraid to take risks. What a wonderful piece of french engineering, oh dear, I'm sweating again, where's that bottle of American brown wine gone, hang on that's not wine, it's whiskey, I'm halfway through my second bottle and I've only just noticed. The wife will go mad if she sees this, I'd better hide it and get a proper bottle of wine, she doesn't mind that.

Where did I get to, oh yes guess who paid me a visit yesterday, none other than the lucky tabby cat. It's the last time he'll be around though because his luck finally ran out. I shot the mongrel when he shat on my precious Citroen and the same punishment will be dished out on any other creature who dares to desecrate my pride and joy.

Anyhow I must get some sleep so I'll sign off, I've a big day ahead tomorrow talking to people about football and wine. Talking of football, have I mentioned it at all in this article, oh yes I included it whilst referring to the merits of SKY T.V. Thanks to T.A.F. for giving me this treasured space in which to ramble, I'm sure you've found it highly interesting. See you next time and may I recommend this fine bottle of white as a night cap, it's called (if I can read the label), I think it's American again as the label reads Texas D.I.Y. Meths, oh God surely not, I didn't even realise, never mind it tastes just fine, I must try some other brands and let you know my opinion.

TERRACE TATTLE

Hello everyone, I trust you are all having a bountiful and pleasant new year. Unfortunately one of our players is not having the finest start to the new annum, namely Andy "cover star" Kerr. You'll all know by now that the lad himself has requested his name be placed on the transfer list.....again. (Honestly, any more times and we'll have to use our toes to count) In a way, you can understand his feelings because, in my view, he always seems to bear the brunt of any team shuffles. However, in this instance his omission from the side is probably deserved as I don't think you will currently find a sounder pairing at this level than Terry "Chief" Evans and Sir Matters Crossley. (Note: Terry may sometimes be referred to as the chief in this organ, due to the uncanny resemblance between himself and Jack Nicholson's sidekick in the film 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.') Andy also did himself no favours with his performance at Walsall which, shall we say, was decidedly under par. Mind you, it's a mite harsh to knock him too much as he is clearly a class player. Lets hope

Ian Botham was right when he chided the England cricket selectors with the lines, "Form is temporary, class is forever". Lets hope it can soon be resolved, and lets face it, it has been before.

Any game that gets called off is a major downer, but bank holiday cancellations take the vibe even lower. I found out the Rochdale game was off with just an hour and a half to spare, meaning the day was ruined (football wise). I scanned the papers to see if there was a decent match still on that I could get to but sadly, there wasn't one. Unless you count Watford v Peterborough, but decent is not an adjective I would associate with Roeder's army, so I drove into town.

I hadn't been there long before I realised just how many disaffected supporters there were wandering aimlessly about. It was quite a tragic site I can tell you. Grown men poring over footy mags, Women forlornly reading the blurb on the back of Wycombe video boxes in Smiths and kids gawping at the TV screens in the Octagon clubshop. The general train of thought was obviously "Well I would have been having a football related afternoon, and I'll be damned if I don't do that somehow!". Me, well I was browsing through USA travel guides in readiness for my top holiday, but then you wouldn't want to know about that ("No we bloody wouldn't" Rest of the world). Before we leave Christmas for another year, I wonder if any of you got a replica WWFC van for Christmas. I certainly did, and I've not stopped playing with it since (Age 23, by the way). Mind you I can't think what on earth they would have used a van like that for, unless they were a bakery before switching to a football team for tax reasons.

Have you ever noticed, when listening to Sports Report on Radio 5, that James Alexander Gordon, after years of trying, cannot say the word Wanderers. What he does say is Wander-rer-rers. I've written to Radio 5 about this but they have neither replied, nor corrected old James. Perhaps it's about time Wycombe supporters joined forces

with those from Bolton and Wolves, and held a mass demo outside broadcasting house. Even if they didn't take notice, there's a good chance Take That would be passing and we could all beat them up instead.

I'm sure I wasn't the only one who thought that we would dispatch Hereford with ten goals ringing in their ears. At half time I'm sure their fans (all fifteen of them) thought the same too. Still, It's a funny old game.....

I believe the Norwich game is covered elsewhere in this rag. Which leaves me with Colchester....."One nil, we beat the scum one nil....." repeat seven thousand times until they choke!!!!

Ah well off to Lincoln, see you soon popkids.



FOR SALE - One King-Size duvet cover, very good condition, one careful owner, some grass stains but nothing major, can also double as a tent, ideal for large families who like hiking holidays. Apply to Mr I Beeks, Adams Park.

Dr. Willy Proctor ★★★★★★★★★★



Dear Friends,

G.P William Proctor here again! This time your well travelled scribe is cohabiting in the leafy outskirts of Buckinghamshire, where I'm currently sharing a "gaff" with my old mate, all round man of showbiz and charity, Roy Castle. Indeed, since returning to "dear old blighty" last week I've been catching up with a few old friends and took time out to go to the Norwich game courtesy of a ticket from my young friend Tim Langford. Although little "Bonnie" didn't get much of a chance to show his skills, I was heartened by the performance of that strapping squaddie "Thommo", and I feel that I must take a fair share of the accolades for keeping the young fellow fit. Hopefully the sight of Steve hobbling around on crutches after the game won't turn out to be too serious, but if it is Steve, you've got my number mate.

Furthermore the Norwich match was my first sighting of "Captain Hunk" Terry Evans, who struck me as a sort of cross between Harrison Ford and Chewbacca from "Star Wars". WOW!!

Anyway, this weeks letter comes from a certain Jason Cousins who writes, "Willy, if you ever write anything about me, I'll personally kick your...", oh dear, wrong letter. Lets try this one from a Mr Paul Hyde:

"Willy, I've got a small problem. Although on my day I'm one of the best 'keepers in the land, I occasionally have the odd lapse of concentration whilst dreaming about my post-match pint in the bar. Some people say, "Oi 'keeper, you're an alcoholic", but I'm not. I merely enjoy a good beer

session with my family and friends, and whatsmore my large frame can take more ale than most. But how do I cure these odd lapses Willy?

DR WILLY REPLIES:

" Well Mr Hyde I must first offer this advice to you, and all TAF readers. Whether you like a pint of Fosters or a Babycham (my fave) you must always remember not to drink over 21 units a week, which is the equivalent of 10 beers or 21 Babychams. However, I am digressing from Paul's question, and I do have some advice for you. Perhaps you could purchase a little hip-flask and slip it into your glove bag. You could then have a good swig when running on/off the field. Alternatively, you could try sticking it down one of your socks, where it would no doubt double up as a handy shin guard.

Better than all this though would be to have a quiet word to the club physio, who might fill one of the drinks holders with beer for you. Then all you have to do is feign injury when your craving comes on and "oil yer gizzard" in the process. I hope these tips take you to the very top sir.

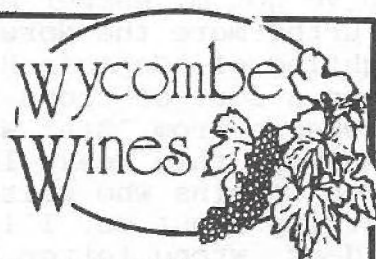
A bientot, mes amis,

Willy Proctor

WILLIAM LAZARUS PROCTOR
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Subbuteo

It's a game played by adults as well as kids, men as well as women and cheats (just a sad memory of a school tournament) as well as fair, honest non-shovers as myself. The game is, of course, Subbuteo. I'm sure you are all aware that recently Wycombe were given the ultimate honour of having the famous light and dark blue quarters blazed across the chest of these tiny figures. Sales, I'm told, were swift at the stockists, and I'm not surprised - what a treat! I did however, wonder over the Christmas period how many family arguments were caused by kids setting up their Christmas present of 11 miniature men only to be told that they had to be York or Spurs by their uncaring father who, of course, had to be Wycombe.

When I first saw these figures, I did notice that my eyes were focusing on a team of all white players. I'm sure in this day and age, a firm as big as Subbuteo could afford to change production and grace us with a few coloured lads. After all, how many players in British football are not white? After a discussion in the pub on this subject, we agreed that although it would be nice to have our Hemmings and Kerrs as well as Coles and Wrights, not every team has 2 or 3 or even Crystal Palace proportions of coloured players. The point is, Subbuteo teams are only based on the strip, not the players.

I can imagine that if Subbuteo had provided us with Andy or Tony, you would then only get other players requesting their characteristics were highlighted. Terry Evans would ask for one player to be modelled wearing extremely tight fitting shorts. Stapes may ask for a pair of miniature crutches to be provided for one player. Height may then be a new feature and you would always think that you had one or two players short, not realising that Thommo and Langford were already out, just lost in the shag pile of your green cloth pitch.

It has been reported that some of the players have already bought a set for themselves and have adjusted it to their own specifications. Hyde,

has had a miniature bar installed, filled with those tiny bottles of spirits you can acquire while flying. Hutch placed a metal base to one of his players and a magnet to an advertising board, attracting the little chap to stay firmly on the wing. Andy Kerr has adapted his set with the Play-Doe haircut game, now he can have as many hairstyles in one match as he desires. Needless to say, Alan Parry's referee has no head.

Tea Bars

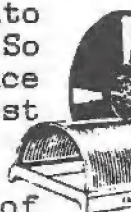
Tea bars, you need them, they're traditional and they're present at every (I assume) ground in the country. Yet no one I know wants to queue. As soon as one person sneaks off, everybody shouts their order. Happy to go without, but if someone is willing to pop to the shop, all of a sudden, you need that cup of tea and a burger.

Well, I admit I have moaned about prices at the Wycombe tea bar but at least you have some sort of view of the game. Chester's tea bar is hidden away under the terrace, now that's not really going to attract many punters during the match. Wallsall's was murder, half an hour to queue at a tea bar pretty much out of visual contact with the pitch. Having said that my girlfriend queued for me, who said there's no place for the female sex at a football ground?(only joking). The best tea bar for position I have ever encountered has to be at Bath's Twerton Park. It's stationed along one of the stands half way up with a number of steps leading to and from it. By the time you've acquired your coffee, all you need to do is lift your paper cup, kiss it, and hold it aloft. If Wembley is for whatever reason unavailable for a Cup Final, surely the FA's first choice for an alternative would be Twerton Park. The 39 steps are already there. Just one thing, as we at TAF have said before, beware of Bath's nutty steward

SOUNDS OF THE STARS:-



I'm sure many people would say that football and music are two of their greatest loves. Well there's beer and women as well, oh and good food and films. Yes anyway, somewhere at the top of that list are footie and music. Both are capable of arousing the most timid individuals into veritable fireworks of passion and feeling. So what could be more natural than an alliance between the greatest game and the greatest Soul/Funk/Jazz merchants of our time?



Things started tamely enough with legions of players being hauled into studios, recording bar room recitals of various "classics" then getting tarted up for "The Pops". Witness the far from suave Nobby Stiles' transformation into a smooth Frank Sinatra figure singing "Going Home" with World Cup squad.

With the vast amount of singing donkeys flooding the charts the odd hitch was always just round the corner. The hitch came in the form of the permed one himself, Kevin Keegan. Looking akin to the proverbial rabbit caught in the headlights he painfully strained his way through three minutes of "Head Over Heels" which probably felt like the full ninety plus extra time.

This ineptitude seemed to warn other would be rock gods to stick to the hogskin when it came to expressing themselves. All remained quiet until one glorious day in the mid-eighties. It was then that the classic pairing in the Tottenham mid-field first belted out the majestic song "Diamond Lights". Messrs Hoddle and Waddle had the lot: good looks, quick feet, gallons of hairspray, decent stamina and tonsils of gold. Many took the duos' video to be conclusive proof that Elvis was dead for, had he been alive he would have returned to reclaim his throne. He did not, the king was dead. Long live the new king, the new king was Football Pop.



It seemed that anyone who was anyone was committing themselves to vinyl. For the most part cup final teams produced bland, homogeneous records which mirrored ninety per-cent of the players' favourite records. Antiseptically clean Soul/Funk/Jazz novelty records took turns in lolling around the lower reaches of the charts. For a period in the eighties it seemed that Tottenham's sole reason for existence was to pay Chas & Dave's wages (and they were probably illegal payments). Indeed for a while Spurs employed the cack twosome to provide pre-match "entertainment" to a thrilled crowd. A hideous idea which was only repeated when The Shamen played to a bemused (and not particularly appreciative) Highbury last season.

It seemed every team wanted to emulate Arsenal's great achievement of 1971. Not winning the double but recording what was to be a classic song. "We Are The Champions" (not the Queen song) was a soundtrack to the seventies with grinning kids giving a thumbs up to Ron Pickering on the TV programme of the same name. This song outside there were as many highlights as watching Macclesfield play. Suddenly there was a new commotion in the world of pop. The pikey Aussie, Craig Johnston had penned an anthem for the youth (er, sort of). The Anfield rap broke new ground and while they were hardly a scouse RUN DMC they had a decent video, a couple of classic lines about Molby and Barnes and they got a decent chart placing.

While pop had always been keen to pay homage to it's Saturday afternoon heroes: The Wedding Present-"George Best", Half Man Half Biscuit-"All I want for Christmas is a Dukla Prague away kit" (nifty title), it was New Order who finally struck gold with the 1990 World Cup song "World In Motion". Sure, the squad had the singing finesse of a hippo farting but the overall effect still verged on the sublime, well it still makes me cry! Surely we would not have made it to the semi-finals without such a stirring anthem to

spur us on. There was a downside to this however in the sizable shape of fat boy Pavarotti. The lardy ex-keeper milked the World Cup for all it was worth. Suddenly it seemed that the world and his wife were top opera buffs. I couldn't translate the words to "Nessum Dorma" for you but I'd be more than willing to bet a large slice of my wages on the fact that it has nothing to do about football.

Things were looking bleak, who could save the soccer-pop scene?

The answer was Wycombe Wanderers with a couple of spanking good FA Trophy ditties.

Next issue: The history of the Wanderers and music from dodgy SKA tracks at Loakes Park to, AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAgh-Tina Turner.

CAPITAL CRAZY

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

These days, one thing that certainly doesn't cross the minds of most folk, is to pop down to Adams Park and cheer on the reserves in the Capital League.

With crowds rarely touching three figures, it seems the old CL is about as fashionable as corduroy trousers or The Inspiral Carpets.

But this wasn't always the case. Back in the eighties crowds sometimes five or six hundred strong would assemble on the terraces to see a mixture of has-beens, solid pro's and raw, but often talentless, youths.

Possibly the finest CL moment was the defeat of Barnet in the Presidents Cup final, over two legs. Nowadays this tie would seem about as attractive as, say an away draw against Didcot Town in the Berks and Bucks cup, but that certainly wasn't the case then. A sizable crowd amassed to see the blues win 3-2 on aggregate

over their local rivals. So what, you may ask, but in these pre trophy and Conference success days, the Presidents' cup was an honour of the highest magnitude. Why I even remember doing the conga down Loakes Road.

A friend of mine had a motto for the Capital League, "The stars of tomorrow in action today." Both poetic and romantic I'm sure you'll agree, but it had one small hitch..... It just wasn't true. Infact a more appropriate epitaph would have been, "A collection of nobodies who won't be good enough for the lowest standard of tomorrows pub football teams, in action today". After all this was the league that made possible such sayings as, "Cor that Martin Lambert looks sharp."

Maybe I'm being a little harsh, after all we shouldn't forget the true stars who played in the league either. I remember Steve Coppell donning his boots for Crystal Palace, and ex Charlton Athletic madman Derek Hales, playing for Gillingham and abusing the crowd in a friendly/threatening way that only a few true characters are capable of.

The CL could also be a graveyard for some of the country's misguided players. Just five months and one altercation with his manager after his debut England appearance, Crystal Palace's Andy Gray suffered the humiliation of third team action, where is he now?

For the supporter the CL was great fun at a cheap price (plus they used to play 'Camouflage' by Stan Ridgeway at half-time, worth the admission money alone), but with crowds well down, it's not what it used to be. Perhaps it's fortunes could be revived by allowing season ticket holders in for free, I'm sure larger crowds would be an inspiration to the young players currently playing in a very sterile atmosphere.

How about it Wycombe? (And bring back Stan Ridgeway)

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO?

REAL CAPACITY CROWDS:

Ask anyone over pensionable age about capacity crowds, and they will faithfully recite to you tales of heaving throngs that, on receipt of a goal, would send you hurtling down the terraces, Children being passed over the top of the crowd to the front and of course the obligatory "There was never any trouble" lecture. So what's happened? At the Norwich match there was so much space on the "full" terrace I could have laid out a sixteen place royal banquet! Come on, get the barriers up, to increase the capacity of the Woodland, and stop fiddling the attendances too.

PHOTOGRAPHER JEFF HOLMES:

Many fans will remember this genial snapper who would be resident at all home games in the mid-eighties. Unlike certain other "photographers" (clue, his name begins with the letters 'B,R and I) Jeff had the fans true interests at heart. (And he could get the ball in his photos) Naturally I'm talking about the legendary incident where an old lady with a heavy cold announced that her throat was too sore and she would have to go home. "No don't do that," cried Jeff "Have one of my Victory V's." There you go, real practical help, not the cheap tease of a ten pound book token. Mother Theresa-Jeff Holmes, God bless 'em.

HALF-TIME SCORES:

Remember them, used to take three minutes to read out, and they kept everyone happy. But then someone at WWFC decided we'd rather hear the constant plugging of various local companies instead. You may be proud to welcome them, but I don't give a flying one. Bring back the scores!

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN CUP:

The basis of this so called cup was a match between Wycombe and the RAF, which used to take place annually. The last one saw a WWFC XI (ie

reserve team and one first teamer as captain) defeat the RAF 1-0, and a proud / piss taking (delete as app.) Kirk Corbin led his team in a lap of honour, cup aloft, for the 58 people who had bothered to turn out. Next year the game was postponed due to snow, and never played again. We at TAF demand it's revival, please.

HIT THE BAR

Let's face it, the Blues club is a pub quite unlike any other.

For one thing, how many people would normally willingly pay ten pounds for the chance to enter a bar, where average queuing time for a pint of pretty foul ale is twenty minutes of sheer hell, as people who clearly haven't bathed in years thrust their sweaty frames into your back in the scrum at the pumps. And it doesn't end there either. Once you've procured your chosen tippie, it's back through the baying masses with three pints desperately trying not to spill a drop. Honestly, when I get free of the crowd's clutches I really have to stop myself pouring the liquid into a plastic container and shouting for Eddie Waring to get down here with his measuring dipstick!!

Then there's the table and chairs game. Unless you've sent an advance party, usually the two fastest members of your posse, you've no chance of a seat. Of course if they have managed to secure a table, by the time you've got there the rest of your mates will have nicked the remaining seats and will moan at you for neglecting to get them a drink.

However, those two mates who are guarding that table with their lives are in for a pretty hairy time if you don't get back there sharpish, as the people who haven't got seats will start to loudly proclaim that they can't stand people who save seats for others who aren't there yet. This, naturally, is merely sour grapes because next week you'll see the very same moral crusaders

doing exactly the same thing, with no qualms whatsoever.

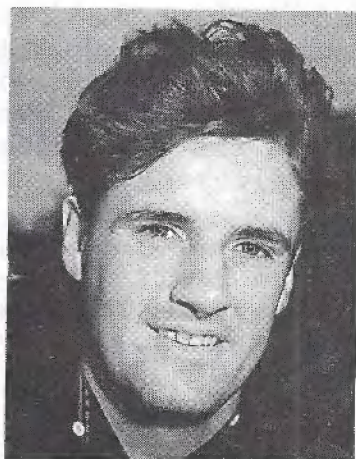
So finally you're settled, supping your pint, chatting about the match, applauding various players who grin sheepishly and bow their heads in shame, and wonder endlessly about the contents of the Bassett's carrier bags!!

Then of course, someone knocks your beer flying, which results in you having to repeat the whole sorry process again, with one subtle difference. Just as you reach the bar you hear this announcement. "Ladies and gentlemen it's six O'clock and because of a function later this evening the bar is now closed." What he really means is after charging you to come in, WWFC would now like to throw you out so it can charge another lot of people to come in. "Corporate whores.", you mutter as you trudge back to the table where your mates are no were. Yes thats right, they've all gone and left you there.

"So you leave on your own, and you go home and you cry and you want to die." So sang Steven Patrick Morrissey, and by now you'll be agreeing wholeheartedly with his sentiments. Of course there is another option, namely an hour in a traffic jam but thats another story.

HUNKS ACTING AGENCY

Phone for Matt Crossley...



Matt has performed in a variety of roles. He is ideal as a hard man, or alternatively can play the tender loving young man. His credits so far include a stand in for Morrissey, and he is earmarked for a Hollywood movie on "The Life Of Elvis". This suave James Dean lookalike is now ready for bookings. Phone 0494-446855 now!!!

F.A. Cup

We could have hardly hoped for a better draw in the FA Cup than Norwich. I would have loved Man Utd (how close that dream was). Maybe one of the bigger clubs like Liverpool or Arsenal would have been better but Norwich have managed to become the team that almost everybody likes. Their performances in the league over the last few seasons have seen them often start well only to fall away in the second half of the season. Last year, under the guidance of Mike Walker, they managed to sustain their challenge until the last month of the season. This season they have impressed everyone with their victories over Vitesse Arnhem and Bayern Munich and commendable performances against Inter Milan. Their home form in the league has been little short of dreadful but they have been excellent away from Carrow Road.

I don't really think the departure of Mike Walker had any real affect on the players for the FA Cup game. Once they got onto the pitch and started playing they probably forgot that he had left. In the first half we had more possession than them. Thommo was simply brilliant, Ryan worked hard and Guppy made Rob Newman (no, not the long-haired comedian) look stupid on more than one occasion. However, we never really looked like scoring. We didn't get enough people in the box (though it can be dangerous to commit too many men forward against a team like Norwich) and we didn't really deliver any telling crosses.

When Norwich scored it was no great surprise. You could see them getting more composed as the game went on. When I've seen them play away from home on Match Of The Day this season they have soaked up a bit of pressure and then broken away to score killer goals. Their first was scored at the cliched "psychological time" just before the break.

The second half was similar to the first with Norwich having a little more possession and Hyde was far busier than Bryan "Lovely Michael Bolton

Hair-do" Gunn. Dave Carroll was unlucky not to score but Scotland's occasional number one pulled off a great save. That was our only real chance. Even the gamble of throwing "The Chief" (Terry Evans) forward didn't pay off. When the impressive Sutton scored his second I just sort of shrugged my shoulders and thought "Oh well, that's that". I hadn't honestly expected us to beat Norwich but we always start to play so well against these bigger sides and it seems like we might pull off a shock win. We don't and I'm left feeling more disappointed than if we had been trounced.

Everyone I've spoken to since the game has said the same two things. Firstly we didn't deserve to lose by two goals, 1-0 would have been a fairer result and secondly, what game were Match Of The Day showing?

They showed very little of the first half, in fact they showed very little of Wycombe at all in their highlights which lasted about 20 minutes.

To my knowledge Alan Hansen was not at Adams Park and therefore probably only saw these highlights. However, he managed to quite confidently say that Norwich never looked in any trouble and effectively cruised through what was potentially a difficult game. Worst of all had to be his quote about "Genuine pace". What is this Scottish jerk going on about? Sure Norwich have a couple of fast players in Fox and Ekoku but where does he get the word "genuine" from? This season he has hardly been able to comment on a game without using the phrase "genuine pace" yet I've never heard him say about Williams of Coventry that he has "Fake pace" or that Ian Wright has "Cheap imitation pace". Where do these soccer pundits get their expressions from? Maybe our own Alan Parry can write in and tell us.

Well, Adams Park had it's biggest (official) crowd (I'm sure there were more people at last year's Slough game), Wycombe played well against one of the best teams in the country, and lost, and we could have been playing Manchester United in the fourth round of the FA Cup..... Oh well, there's always next year!

SPOON GUIDE

Have you ever noticed just how many tragic folk there are in the world? And have you ever noticed how they all go to footy matches and end up standing next to you? Well, they may think that I'm one too, but here's a rough guide to some of the various "spoons" that may be found on the terraces:

"Anorak spoon": The most common type this. Always wears his anorak even on the hottest of days. Talks like Mr Bean and is less co-ordinated. Avoid at all costs, for if you say one word to him, he'll regard you as "best mates" for life.

"Hillbottom spoon": Fans of this terrace will know who I mean. In fact this is not a breed of species but one man who consistently shouts "Wycombe ball, la, la, la," EVERY time the ball goes out of play. He brings woe to the very folk who stand around him.

"Monotone Spoon": Always stands one step behind you and sings everything right into your ear. Has only one note, a completely flat one, and normally succeeds in really annoying you. It has been known for people to loose their rag and punch this sort out, but we don't reccomend this behaviour, as a steward might be hard and sort you out.

"Jobsworth steward spoon": Thinks he owns the club and swaggers about with his walkie-talkie, probably reporting things like "just having a slash, over" or "how do I do my anorak up?". Never, ever, lets you through a gate, but the moment you turn your back lets one of his mates through. Of course you know he's only doing it for the money, which makes you better than him. Ignore him.

"Groundhopper spoon": Doesn't actually support a team, just goes and watches games at a different ground every week. If he speaks to you, he'll say something like "so, you support Wycombe then?", when you're dressed head to foot in blue. Easily spotted because he actually laughs when we sing the revised Dambusters/ Slough theme tune. Don't talk to for any length of time or you may die of boredom.

DIARY

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Colchester United 0 WWFC 1...Well, you don't mind seeing that result again do you? It was certainly great to defeat the old enemy, but it was the nature of Guppy's goal that set tongues wagging. "surely the first time ever", I heard someone comment. Well, no friend. In the mid 80's, a nippy winger of little talent, Neal Stanley (now Slough - don't laugh), achieved the very same feat. Going 50/50 for a ball with the keeper at the Gasworks End of Loakes Park, Stanley suddenly bottled it, and the opposing keeper went to host the ball into our beautiful pea-green stand. One second later the ball was nestling in the "onion bag" (sorry), having kindly bounced off Neal's left buttock, or was it his right? Anyway Steve, as fine a goal as it was, the record isn't yours mate.

The festive season certainly brought out the great Wycombe public. Around 2000 Blues fans travelled to Walsall, and 6000 turned out against Hereford at Adams Park (5000 if you believe the official count)

This underlined the pulling power of Wycombe Wanderers, but it also made true the myth that all the pseudo-fans turn out at Bank Holiday games. To the club it's all healthy revenue, but to the poor sod who has to sit near one of them blathering on, it's a nightmare. At Walsall, I was unfortunate enough to sit next to a man decked out in Wanderers regalia, who whenever Tony Hemmings got the ball would shout, "Go on Lenny". I initially dismissed this as poor wit, but then realised he wasn't joking at all, for whenever Terry Evans won the ball the man would cry, "Good head Crease".

Worse came at the Hereford game, as a man was seen pointing at the Loakes Park gates, which as you know, sit where the proposed training pitch will one day be built." There", he exclaimed, "Are

the gates of Loakes Park, and that hillside is where the old ground used to be." There was no hint of humour in his voice, and indeed it seemed as if his friends thought he was the very voice of truth and wisdom itself. Everyone else merely wet themselves at this fools mad rantings.

So Martin's looking for a big man to replace Scotty. Well, we can rejoice temporarily, for after a fortnights speculation of will he/wont he sign for us, Watford's gangly Roger Willis moved to Birmingham City for 120,000, a team that is turning out to be Barry Fry's Barnet-bum-chum reunion. I have good reason to be happy though. The following article came to us courtesy of the "Watford Observer". Bring back Rowan Dodds any day.....

FIRST impressions on hearing that Watford had sold Harry Willis for £120,000 were that the deal might qualify Glenn Roeder for a statue outside the Town hall.

Roger "They call me Harry" Willis made 38 appearances for the Hornets and scored two goals since his £200,000 move from Barnet 15 months ago.

His performances were at best indifferent and throughout his term at Vicarage Road the reasons why Steve Perryman had paid such a sum remained obscure.

Even in the reserves he failed to impress, his displays suggesting that the £175,000 Watford paid out for Paul Atkinson back in the early 1980's, was almost a snip by comparison.

A charming individual lacking in confidence, Willis's spell at Vicarage Road proved to be something of a nightmare yet Perryman and his assistant, Peter Taylor, insisted that the player would prove to be their best signing. They even agreed to an extra clause in the deal with Barnet, promising extra payments if the player appeared for England.

Useful rather than forceful in the air, he looked a player

chronically lacking in confidence but even in practice games he failed to impress his football skills upon the exchanges.

Yet... when Willis was placed on the list, Wycombe, Lincoln, Southend and Birmingham came in for him, all prepared to pay £100,000. Peter Taylor, influential in bringing Furlong and Hesselthaler to Vicarage Road, was thought to be instrumental in Willis joining them at the club.

Despite witnessing Willis's disappointing performances first hand, Taylor was prepared to try and take the player to Southend last week.

Behind the Arthur Daley patter, Barry Fry is known to be a shrewd wheeler and dealer with a proven track record in the League. He took just five minutes to agree terms with Willis at Birmingham last week and sent him out training.

Fry was incensed to hear that George Parris had turned down the swap-move to the Hornets, attempted to persuade him to change his mind on two further occasions and then came back offering straight cash for Willis.

Roeder pushed the fee up by a further £20,000 and Birmingham, for some reason, released the news

that they had "snapped up the quarter-of-a-million-pounds-rated Willis" for £150,000. Perhaps they included a signing-on fee in the figure or possibly they want to be seen to be spending money.

"He has yet to prove that he is worth a quarter of a million," said Glenn Roeder after finalising the deal. "I can only judge Willis on what he has done at Watford, both in the first team and the Reserves. In that context, I am very happy for the money I have received for him.

"It is an increase on the figure Wycombe Wanderers have offered for a player who has still to prove that he is First Division quality.

"Barry Fry's style of management is a one-off, he likes to go for players he has worked with before but Harry Willis did not do it for Steve Perryman or myself. I saw him in his Barnet days and he did not do badly when I saw him but there are two big steps from the Third to the First Division."

Yet why have so many managers come in for Willis, apparently prepared to offer six-figure fees for a player who played in the reserves like a trialist unlikely to make the Combination grade?



***SPOT
THE
DIFFERENCE***



On the seventh
day God created
Wycombe
Wanderers
**THEN HE
RESTED**

